

DESIGN quarterly

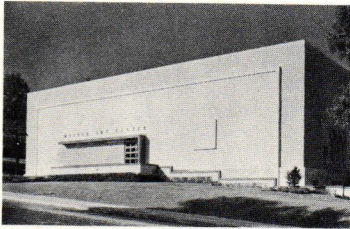
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis · Number 29, 1954

Our Contributors

ARTHUR HALD, Editor of two of the outstanding magazines in the design field, FORM and KONTUR, was asked to give his views on American design. . . . **JOSEF SINGER**, a business man and manufacturer of fine hand-crafted furniture, was asked to state his position on furniture design today. These two writers represent two points of view. They formulate problems differently, and seek different solutions. We present their opinions in the spirit of open forum. . . .

JAMES FITZSIMMONS, well known commentator and writer in the field of art, contributes a fine analysis of Robert Motherwell and his work, in this continuation of his comments on the New York School.

Since most of our readers are actively engaged in the field of design, we hope they will contribute their opinions, and that we can publish from time to time "Letters to the Editor", as well as longer articles that will make DESIGN QUARTERLY a real means of communication for designers and consumers.



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DESIGN quarterly

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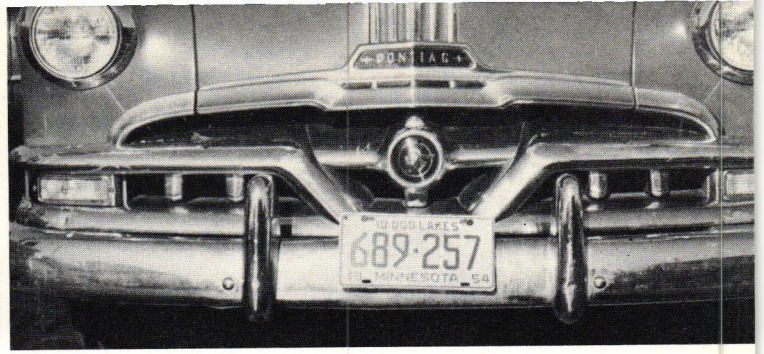
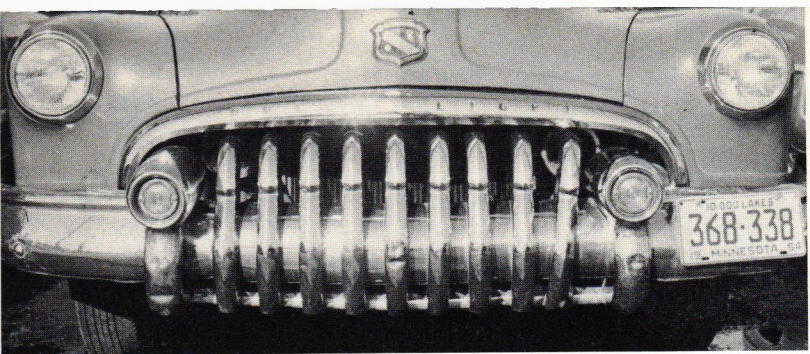
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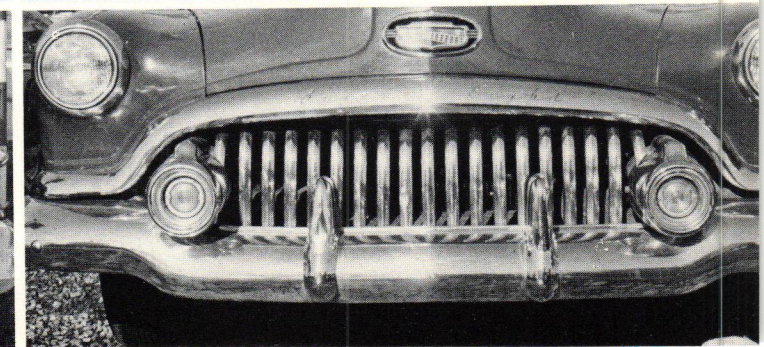
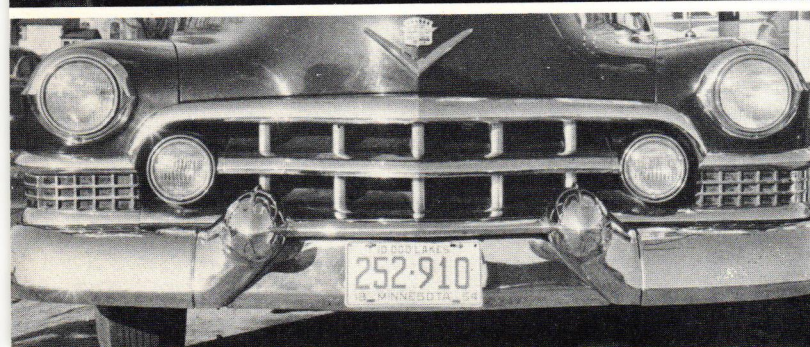
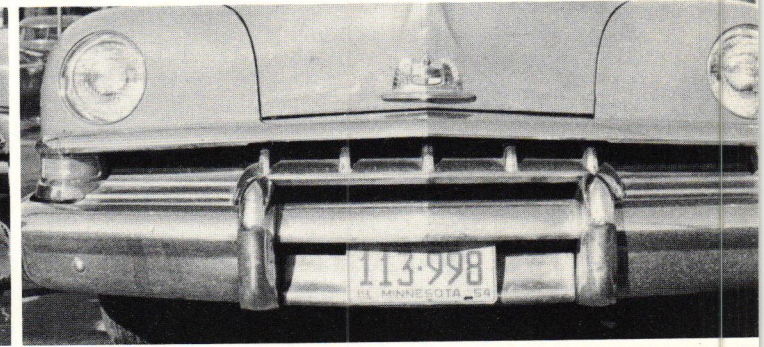
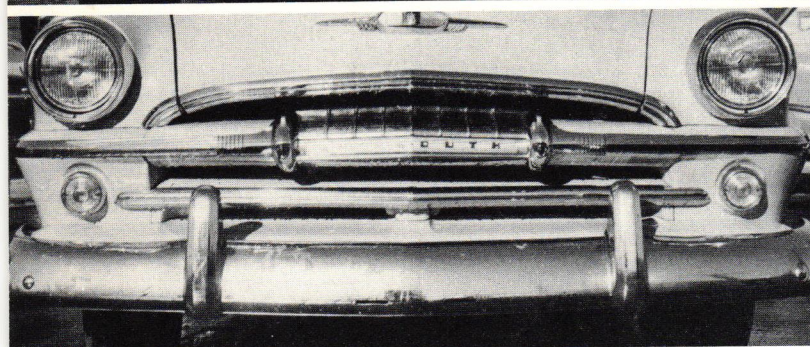
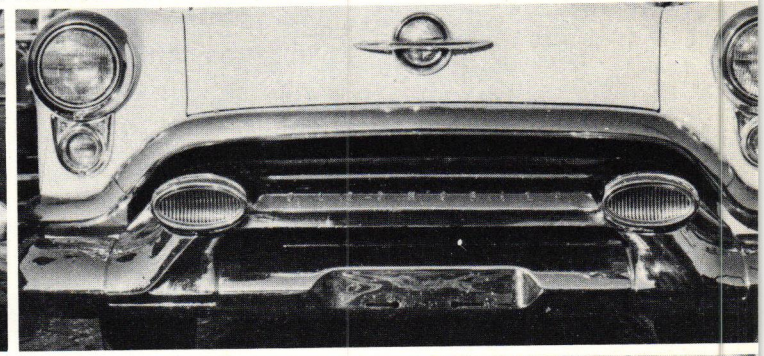
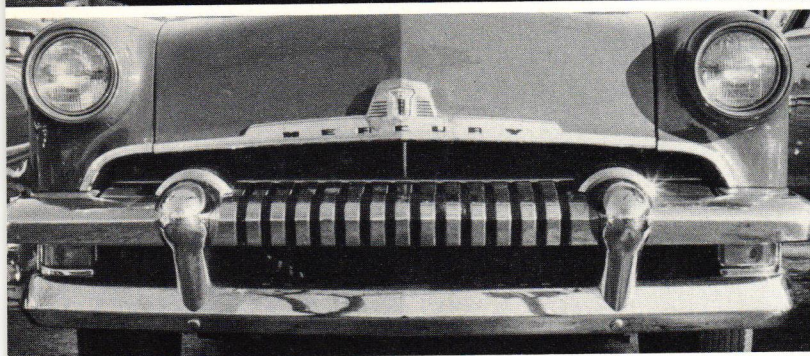
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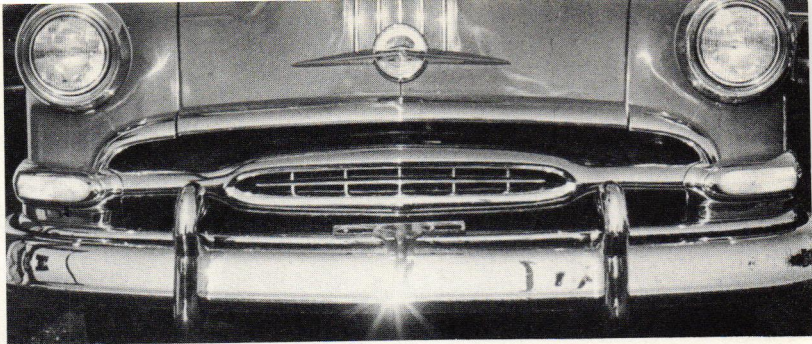
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HALF-TRUTHS





ABOUT AMERICAN DESIGN

I went to the United States to make a study of industrial design. I saw as much as I could possibly absorb and a little more. However, my most vivid experiences were with the people, the distances, the movement, the general atmosphere and attitudes. I had the false hope that I would be able to sort out all of my impressions and produce a synthetic picture which would have some degree of conviction. When on various occasions I expressed this hope to the Americans I met, I received in reply, as is usual in America, a friendly smile, but also—which is less usual—a skeptical smile. As I went along I got to know the reason for this skepticism. For when one tries to achieve a synthesis of the complex the result is likely to be a series of half-truths.

To understand the connection between the material environment and the American spirit was for me, and still is, the central problem in arriving at some opinion on American design. Inside this witch's cauldron, who could at his first meeting keep his interest for one single object? How could one choose a representative USA design before one knows something about the country itself? I did not meet an entirely new world, but one of different scale, behaviour patterns and valuations. Many of the things I saw I knew about in theory from books, periodicals, and pictures, and from the badly distorted mirror of the films. Almost any text book on sociology will elaborate on free enterprise, on democracy and freedom, on efficiency and success, on morals and lawlessness, on progress and conformity, on faith in the future, on standardization and the constant change. But my real experience was to leave the observation tower and participate in these dynamic issues.

I must admit that I cannot get away from my own background which is Swedish and Scandinavian and

which represents in general a homogeneous culture. The Swedish Society of Industrial Design, the professional organization to which I belong, in its ideology of design places comprehensive quality—material, technical, and aesthetic—as the recognized goal of both the manufacturer and the consumer, and believes that a good design is not an actual reality before it has reached the public. Furthermore, good design is of communal importance, that is to produce a proper material background for anything from town-planning to kitchen utensils requires collaboration between private enterprise, the co-operative movement, and the government.

And then one encounters the USA with its blend of extreme contrasts and uniformity, and the tremendously complicated contrasting opinions supported by a surprising amount of evidence in the reality around one. Even if, like myself, one tries to restrict oneself to observing industrial design, one somehow still feels giddy. The different and manifold variety, the competition which under high pressure spits out all sorts of things onto a fantastically varied mass of people, makes one's own experience look restricted, any comparative material appear insufficient, and the problems of one's own country seem almost Lilliputian in contrast.

Back on the other side of the Atlantic, where one has at least a geographical perspective, one can try to group one's experiences around some central questions. What is typical of American design? What constitutes the best America can give?

First of all basically there is, in America, the conviction—which I only point out as one of many—that the *new* is better. Only the guaranteed antique falls short of this argument. To the technician every finished product is only a stage—a hyphen-mark between the

out-of-date and what is glittering on the horizon of the future. Around the corner there is always something better. This point of view has advanced the USA on the road of technical progress. It is also allied to an expanding economy, which means that anyone who does not increase turnover or come up with something new is condemned to take a back seat.

The effect of this technical-commercial attitude, which dominates the American way of thinking to so high a degree is that the life-rhythm of consumer goods has been accelerated as well as the rhythm of life in general. Every boy in Europe who looks at pictures of American cars has learned what is meant by "model of the year," a phrase which casts a somewhat magical aura over the new, and stamps a stern air of dereliction over the old. This accelerated rhythm dominates many other things in America of a less technical or mechanical nature than automobiles. For the sake of turn-over the furniture producers provide two new collections every year, despite the fact that neither habits of sitting or lying change with such chronological frequency, nor do new materials or techniques necessitate new styles. When the conduct of life changes innovations become desirable. I have a feeling that people in America do not take very much notice whether something is genuinely new or apparently so, whether a change is necessary or desirable—only that it is time for a change.

The genuinely new fascinates me. The sizzling activity among manufacturers and designers with some creative talent which invents or exploits material or technical innovations to create a suitable atmosphere for a new mode of living has more possibilities in the United States than anywhere else. The new solutions in the question of shelter or product design, which relate to a change in the style of living, is America's special contribution to progress.

I resent being confronted with the pseudo new—the object with a new stuck-on face designed to stimulate the customer's buying mania or to help the seller to keep his business revolving roundabout. Against this newness-neurosis I wish to place a comprehension of quality, of good things lasting a long time. In addition to quality I would also add some kind of moral value, that is, the desire for the very best in craftsmanship and design as opposed to the vulgar and cheap. "But it is

turnover and annual obsolescence which has given us our high material standard. Prosperity is based on waste." But does this attitude produce any kind of design culture? Stimulating as it is to meet a new approach, it is equally depressing to face an ever spouting production system where good and bad, without any differentiation, is dumped on the "age line."

From many points of view the American market, including the goods which are imported, offers an enormous range of variations. There are goods for all tastes, the indifferent, the fastidious. There is an overwhelming assortment from the utilitarian wares and meaningless junk of the drug stores to the refined selections of the exclusive establishments or the proud displays of the specialty shops who shout, "only sold here." But as there are many superficially new things, the richness of the variations are also in many cases only superficially new. American individualism seems to be almost a personality quality which demands that one not step over accepted group boundaries. A similar phenomenon is noticed in many of the manufactured goods. The desire of both producer and consumer seems to be that an article should look as much as possible like that of his competitor or his neighbor and still be sufficiently different to get by the copyright laws. It is perhaps a blasphemy to suggest to the American reader that all American automobiles are alike in their combination of chrome and comfort, since every American with an expert's appraisal registers the least change in the appearance of a certain make from one year to the next. What I mean is that the range is limited and that the stock type neither includes any "just-for-transportation" type or a really aristocratic automobile with a snappy, precise and polished form. And to choose a refrigerator for its appearance seems to be rather without point. Small detailed changes are of no importance to me. The most obvious example is the "piece de resistance" of every interior, the table lamp, whose countless variations show ostensible individualism driven to the extreme. And as for the "pocket-books"—which turn someone like me from a minor language area green with envy—who can discover from their outside covers that the contents really vary?

There is a pronounced dualism in American taste. On the one hand can be seen everyday clothes, practical,

informal and smart; efficiency in the kitchen and household utensils, camping devices, and travel goods, and quite a lot of the articles in the catalogues of the mail order firms and on the counters of the five-and-ten-cent-stores which have an honest and rational form and a practical and direct usefulness—all of which resemble the American way of life in their charm, directness, and frankness. But why is it that those things which attempt to be beautiful, which are intended for ornament, from the criterion of form, are in general so much inferior to those intended for use? Is it because the functional things are an expression of a true functional interest, whereas the others are conceived as symbols and measures of a certain level of culture, traditional background, and bank account? Naturally one cannot draw any definite conclusions, but the amount of trim on household articles seems to determine in direct proportion the extent to which they are considered new and interesting toys or only tools. But I cannot imagine the hundreds of thousands of gift articles which one has to wade through in some of New York's giant gift shows as anything else but an expression of a general feeling of insecurity towards aesthetic values. It is indicative of an absolute need to own articles which "look like something" and through which one feels accepted because one knows that "everybody else has one too."

Practically every type of industry is affected by design. American consultant-designers and the special design departments of the large industries have a richer experience and a more elaborated technique for the design of volume production than do designers anywhere in the World. We on this side of the Atlantic still talk of the necessity of the designer beyond the traditional fields, such as glass, ceramics, textiles, furniture, etc. In America they talk of his position and his necessity to work on top management level.

Although the designer has achieved a much more recognized position, his capacity for work is not fully utilized. Despite the fact that mass production and a mass market theoretically affords opportunities for research and planning which could produce many radical changes, it appears to me that the real creative design does not come from the large manufacturers. The large manufacturer, it seems, prefers to progress gradually, to make small changes, and so lead the consumer on the

road which he guesses will be the one of the future. His designer can be as autocratic as he wishes, but he is at the mercy of many influences and can seldom take a lead. The cost of new tools in a change of production is too big to take any risks. Mass production is a one-way thoroughfare which seems to make it necessary to have a compromise—or let us say a synthesis—between the opinions of the designer, the market-researchers, and the sales department, etc. In the long run this procedure too will probably create a general and primarily functional improvement which is important enough, but is not likely to produce a well defined language of design.

What has made the biggest impression on me is the smaller enterprises and their designers who have the possibility to express an opinion or come to a pure solution of some problem being sidetracked. It is not only that they have an opinion or possibly an idea for which to fight, the producers and designers also form a homogeneous team and they direct their activities to a public which has the interest, knowledge and ability, to make an independent choice. In other words there can be a two-way thoroughfare, an interplay between producer and consumer. Supported by advanced technical facilities and a creative design language, this elite style has won international recognition. One need only peruse several numbers of the *EVERYDAY ART QUARTERLY* to get some examples of it. But instead of taking up space to praise these virtues it is better to indicate some of the problems which prevail. The "Good Design Movement" has started largely as a protest with a didactically puristic ideology—a necessity in the American scene as far as I can understand—for the experiment to be noticed. This is threatened from at least two sides. First by its over compensating attempts to be new which undermines its general acceptability. And second by the commercial fashion it induces which threatens to strangle it. But at the same time there seems to be a continuous flow of vital ideas which together with latent resources mean that what has been done is only the beginning. This fact creates a respect which one is not fully prepared to admit the first time one tries to formulate one's impressions. Nevertheless American design at its best is a challenge to us in Sweden to surpass ourselves.

Arthur Hald



*Black plastic bowls
designed by Charles McCrea
for Plastic Productions Company*



*Kitchen tools and rack "Flini"
designed by M. J. Zimmer and James Chandler
for Eko Products Company*

"good things lasting a long time" *selected from past issues of Everyday Art Quarterly*



*Plastic containers
manufactured by Tupper Corporation*



*Glassware "Classic"
designed by Freda Diamond
for Libby Glass Company*



*Chair designed by Charles Eames
for Herman Miller Furniture Company*



*Plastic dinnerware "Lifetime"
designed by Jon Hedu
for Watertown Mfg. Company*



*Lounge chair
designed by Eero Saarinen
for Knoll Associates, Inc.*

COMMENTS ON CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE

In November 1951 a group of furniture designs by architects Gio Ponti, Carlo De Carli, Ico Parisi and Carlo Mollino, of Italy, and an American designer, Bertha Schaefer, was presented to the American public. With the introduction of these pieces a new influence in furniture design made itself felt not only in current design literature, but in the market place.

The press, which was most enthusiastic when the designs were introduced, called this the Italian influence. Peculiarly enough, however, the work of the one American in the group, Bertha Schaefer, who had worked independently, and without exposure to the other designers' work, had the same general characteristics as the pieces designed by the Italians.

It is this common denominator which I shall try to explain, for though the designs do have certain things in common, in the beginning there were few words to describe just what the designers were after. Only after much fumbling was a proper vocabulary found to adequately explain their ideas.

Business men in general, and furniture manufacturers in particular, have often been accused of being Philistines about the arts, and even worse, of pandering to the worst in public taste. The introduction of Italian furniture design as a commercial venture would probably have amused and, perhaps, astonished those critics. It would have been amusing for a trained aesthete to have listened to business men searching for words to express their ideas about art forms. It would have astonished them because there was a desire to produce something that was good—intrinsically good as well as marketable.

It seemed to us that contemporary furniture was cold, it was aseptic, some used the word sterile; it didn't belong in homes. It seemed more at home in a factory, or it was too machine like. At the same time there was a large body of opinion, including many influential and articulate professionals, which gave high praise to these designs.

Translating dislikes into something positive wasn't easy. One could say what one didn't like. That was sim-

ple. The furniture around seemed to derive entirely from architecture, and it was felt that a form, magnificent as architecture, was much too impersonal and cold as a piece of furniture. The straight line geometric forms which were occurring in modern architecture were rarely seen as a whole by the viewer, nor did he have to sit and look at them as a whole day after day. When the scale was changed, and they became pieces of furniture, these forms were something else again. Very often consumers were heard to say, "I bought modern things and liked them when I bought them, but I can no longer live with them." They didn't say they were ugly, just that they didn't feel at home with them and that they were boring. What was boldness and straightforwardness in architecture seemed to become a kind of asceticism when it was translated into furniture design.

Part of this may have been due to unfamiliarity with modern design forms, because growing up with objects, and being used to them certainly influences us in liking them. But surely that was not the only reason why the designs of Sheraton and Hepplewhite had endured. Obviously they had not been made for the world of today, but why then did they create a feeling of intimacy and warmth in rooms in which they were used? Why did they preserve the interest of the viewer even after years of living with them?

It seemed that modern furniture could achieve richness and elegance, that fine materials could be used for it no less than in the great furniture of the 18th Century. It was hard to believe that our own time could not express warmth and richness in terms of its own. Just because we had become experts in creating machines didn't mean that only forms having the feeling of machines were valid in our society. Undoubtedly there must be people with imagination who could create furniture that would give continuing pleasure, if only they could be found.

One theme kept occurring and recurring—no matter how the problem was approached there seemed to be only one conclusion—modern furniture lacked interest. Why? Remove the moldings, the inlays, the beautifully

grained woods, the carefully formed hardware, and the other details from a fine piece of traditional furniture, and it too became objectionable. A well proportioned form, yes, but without decorative details it lacked interest. Was this apparent lack of interest in contemporary furniture due to a lack of decoration? But what is decoration in modern terms? Everything learned from theory indicated that it couldn't be applied decoration. How then could the straight line forms, known as T-square designs be made more decorative?

Just how the next step was reached is hard to explain, but it was finally decided that decoration in terms of today meant that form had to be integrated with structure. If without sacrificing the utility of the structure it could be given a beautiful form as well, that would be decoration. Decoration in those terms meant incorporating good form in the structure of the furniture. It seemed to mean that materials must be handled the way a non-objective sculptor would handle his material. The claw and ball leg of traditional furniture was a fine form in a day in which art forms were representational. It meant nothing today. The non-objective forms, the forms of the abstractionist seemed to be the kind appropriate to our aesthetic.

The next problem was, of course, to translate those ideas into designs. Dozens of American designers were interviewed, and almost none of them understood just what was wanted. It was difficult enough to express nebulous ideas, but to find people who could grasp the problem and translate it into furniture designs began to seem a hopeless task.

During 1949 a sculptor was consulted. But efforts along that line were not successful; however, it was still felt that the ideas were aesthetically valid.

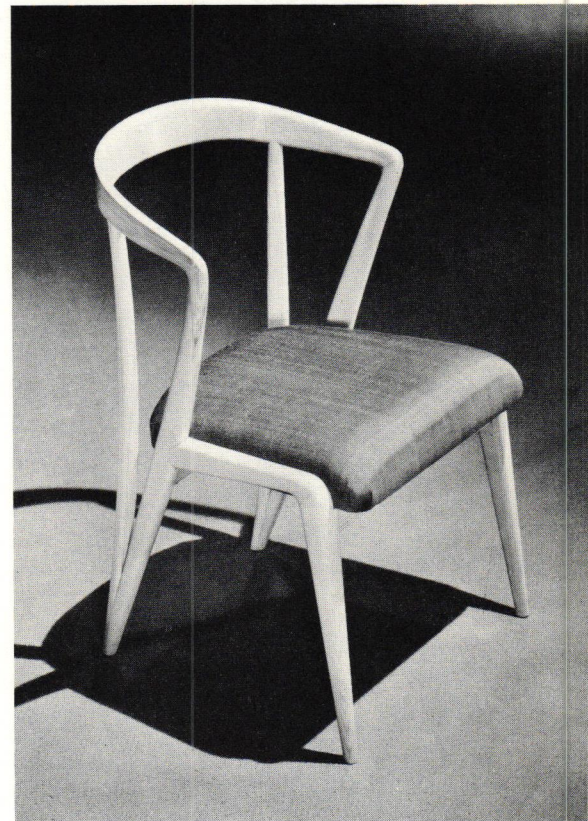
Having explored the American design field without success the search was directed elsewhere. Abroad it was found that there were people who seemed to be actually doing what so far had only been expressed in words. Already working in the field were Ponti, De Carli, Parisi, and Mollino, in Italy, and not long after we found Bertha Schaefer in America. These designers,

each with a most individual style, had gone a step further than their contemporaries. Functionalism wasn't enough. Some methods of providing interest for the viewer in the things with which we live had to be provided. Some kind of interest creating detail had to be devised. Apparently, Ponti, De Carli, Parisi, Mollino and Bertha Schaefer, familiar with the forms of modern sculpture, had been influenced by them—each of them responding to their experiences had created forms having the same characteristics in furniture as the contemporary sculptor had created in his work. Not that they have aped the sculptor, but these sculptural forms became current expressions of beauty, and came forth in another three dimensional object—furniture.

In the knife edge counterpoised against mass of Ponti, the flowing forms of De Carli, in Parisi's balancing of solid planes with exquisitely formed supports, and in Mollino's outright use of abstract forms as furniture, Italian architects were putting the details in furniture which create interest. And in the softness of Bertha Schaefer's beautifully modeled forms was found the aesthetic interest which had been lacking in much contemporary work.

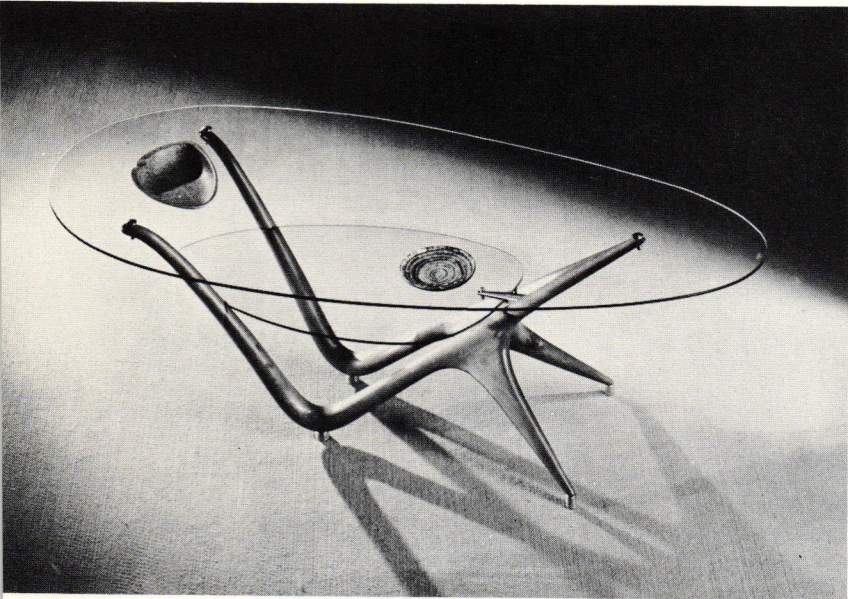
New designs are still being developed by this same group of designers, and it is hoped that they will not grow static in what they do. The approach to the question has helped in finding one solution to the ever continuing problem of providing furniture designs for the public which are good, and which satisfy the cravings of men with respect to the things they want around them in their homes. Through a continuing response to new stimuli perhaps a more mature and positive form of contemporary furniture design will be evolved.

Josef H. Singer—M. Singer & Sons



designer: Bertha Schaefer

PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWN ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES:
FURNITURE DESIGNED FOR AND MANUFACTURED BY SINGER & SONS.



designer: Carlo Mollino

designer: Ico Parisi





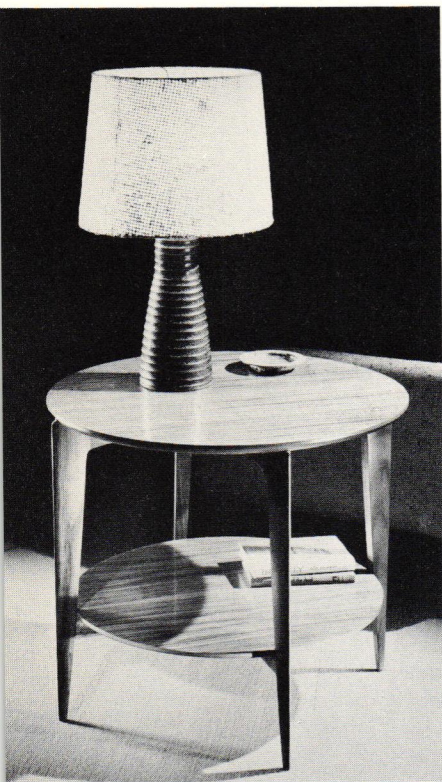
designer: Carlo De Carli



designer: Carlo De Carli



designer: Bertha Schaefer

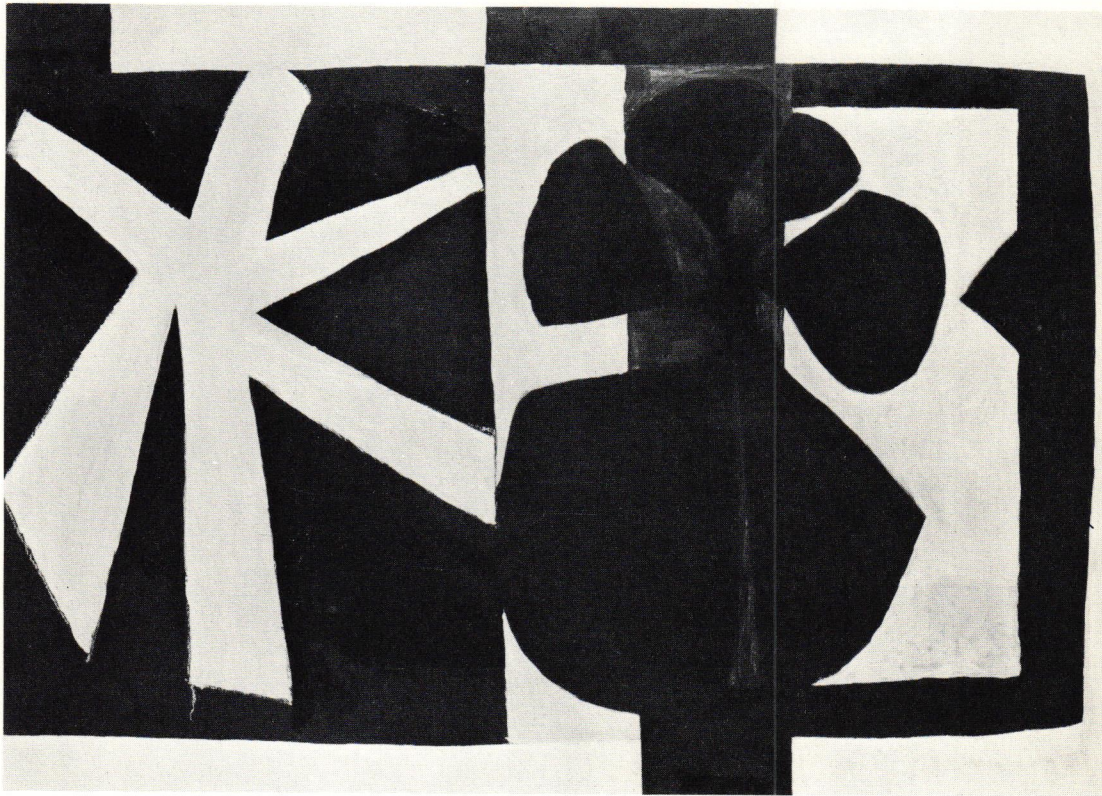


designer: Gio Ponti

designer: Gio Ponti



Photos: Kootz Gallery



Wall Painting No. 3



Robert Motherwell

ROBERT MOTHERWELL is a conscious, intellectually sophisticated artist, keenly aware of the conflicts he finds in himself. Transposed or projected to a plastic level, it is the inner drama of conflict and its occasional resolution that is expressed in his work. To see the significance of these conflicts, in their generalized aspect, it is necessary to make a short detour into history and psychology.

Almost all of the basic concepts of modern art come from Europe, of course. But in the paintings of the *avant garde* Americans, one sees that European ideas have undergone a sea-change—more, have been radically transformed. No doubt something has been lost—certain School of Paris graces for one thing—but something particularly our own, springing from our own climate and national psychology, seems to have been added. An interesting thing about all this is that it is taking place in the United States at a time when our society has become almost uniformly bourgeois. The economic extremes are not as great as they were; the values of different economic groups are not startlingly dissimilar; the middle classes are dominant in all spheres. Now this has been the case in France for some time. In France during this period of bourgeois ascendancy, the *avant garde* artist, the disaffected intellectual made his first appearance—as a fairly common type. First were the writers—Baudelaire, Rimbaud, De Nerval and many others, down to Valéry and Gide in our own time. The great flowering of French painting has taken place during the same period. Cezanne, Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Miro and Leger—they are all products of a bourgeois society. And in their personal lives, they often seem to express bourgeois values even as they reject those values in their art. It will be interesting to see whether the bourgeois society of the United States will prove to be equally fertile soil.

Of course the *avant garde* artist does not accept bourgeois values. He rejects them for the most part—and his rejection is crucial—though they remain a part of him. He pays for this rejection with alienation and neurosis. He becomes an underground man, a *bourgeois manqué*, a *poète maudit*, though in later life he may realize that he has achieved, a satisfactory personalized adjustment to society. In psychological terms, the con-

flict with an unacceptable part of oneself, the gradual recognition of value in the rejected part, followed by the search for a means of integrating that value in one's life and work—all this is the problem of the shadow. And whether a painter realizes it or not, and whether it is his intention or not, this is what every painting of conflict, of reciprocal tensions, symbolizes at the psychological level. Once the conflict is resolved—in a work of art—the resulting mood is one of complexity and serenity. It is the mood of a Mozart quintet, of a Bach fugue, of a Cezanne painting.

Returning to Robert Motherwell, one finds in him the conflict of Dandy versus Social Being, Intellectual versus Mystic, Puritan versus Epicure. In his work, one finds a conflict of vivacity and spontaneity versus staidness and order, the formed versus the formless, the fleeting versus the changeless.

Presumably it is in order to secure his footing, to brace himself, that Motherwell is concerned with roots, with a place for the artist in society, with descent. He refers to his Scottish, Irish and Iberian ancestors, his immediate family, his childhood in California—and to the Puritan that, like so many other North Americans, he carries on his back. He might very well claim Baudelaire as a spiritual ancestor, but because of this puritanism he is also very American—North American. Of course Motherwell is too sophisticated to regard a puritan heritage as all bad. No doubt it complicates life, but, in conjunction with his studies in philosophy, it may well be this heritage that makes a measure of discipline, and a certain impersonal detachment from his work and from himself possible. Valuable qualities these, for an artist—and an Irishman.

Many of Motherwell's paintings have to do with landscape—his reactions to landscapes actual and imaginary, American and European. These paintings—I think they are his best—are classic, architectonic, metaphysical, metaphorical. He sees reality, its color and bone structure, and perhaps at times it seems beautiful to him, but because at those times he also senses something beneath the surface—an aura of extreme antiquity, for one thing—he becomes excited. His best work—such paintings as *Granada*, *Catalonia*, *Ile de France*, and *Wall Painting No. 3*—has this excitement, this sense of drama,

along with a rather remarkable serenity. In *Modes of Thought* the late Professor Whitehead writes: "The purpose of philosophy is to rationalize mysticism." I believe that to some extent this is also Motherwell's purpose as a painter—to make a quasi-mystical response to landscape rational, orderly and intelligible.

I mentioned Motherwell's childhood in California. I think that the landscape and colors of the Southwest generally, have a good deal to do with his painting, probably just as much as Picasso and Matisse—1916, have. As everyone knows, the Southwestern part of this country is a region of vast unobstructed space, desert and desert colors, sunlight, high plateaus, orange groves, a land of optimism and friendliness. Motherwell grew up there; his childhood surroundings were prosperous, even luxurious. Today, very naturally, he responds to Mediterranean light and art. Grace, charm, unpretentious elegance, a civilized restraint—all this is important to him, and may be found in some of his best work. But that is only one side of the picture.

The Southwest is also a land of harsh contrasts, of drought, cloudbursts, dead civilizations, Death Valley, and death coiled and rattling in the shadow of a rock. Motherwell knows all about this too. But as a painter he found it a long way from home—in Spain, for him a land of black and white. Conflict is starkest, most dramatic, in some of his Spanish paintings, where it becomes a duel between space and mass, the total presence and total absence of color.

The duality of which this artist is so conscious is also reflected in the fact that he paints in two distinct styles. Besides the large classic compositions in which a serene equilibrium is achieved, or in which a massive tension is held, poised, he has made a number of ink drawings and collages which are slapdash, ugly, expressive of violence, of raw energy. There is this in him; he wants to express it. But there are others who do this sort of thing better; I don't think that Motherwell's heart is in romantic abstract expressionism, though he himself does bring it off on occasion.

Motherwell, like Bazziotes, acknowledges an obligation to the European artists who gathered in New York during the war years. But unlike some of the dadaist and surrealist painters (or the abstract expressionists who

are an important part of the New York school) Motherwell does not rely solely upon instinct, upon the promptings of the unconscious. In his paintings the raw material supplied by the unconscious is rearranged, transformed. And for him this is hard work. Painting is not easy for him. He gropes; he makes many corrections and alterations. But we would not know that. The scaffolding is left in the studio; we are not disturbed by noises off-stage. In the finished work, to the extent that the drama has been depersonalized and formalized, it has also been universalized.

All of which implies that Motherwell is a modest man.

There have been, there are, artists in whom the creative function, or role, subordinates and even excludes all others. In fact, this is probably the usual thing. But the lives of artists—and modern psychology tends to corroborate this—suggest that creativity is not conditional upon an imbalance of this sort. The artist who manages to find a place in the community is likely to develop human relationships of a different sort from those he would have if he worked in isolation, total except for the company of other artists as alienated from society as himself. If he can work out a way of life that is determined by his particular creative needs, and that is at the same time reasonably stable and orderly, his best energies will be available for his work. In addition, if he has roots of some sort and can enjoy the feeling of "belonging"—at least occasionally—he is less likely to require the protective arrogance of the bohemian, less likely also to substitute paranoia for reason. Chances are that if he lives in New York, the high cost of bare existence here will require some sort of social adaptation. Many artists in this country accomplish these things by teaching, and Motherwell is one of these. He does not regard the time spent in this way wasted; it brings him close to people, which is something he values, and it gives him a sense of belonging. It is partly for these reasons too that he lives in a great city, where the individual artist, of Motherwell's temper at least, can feel that he is part of a community of artists, sharing his life and "carrying on the work" with the others. He feels that for the young artist—and he himself is young—this is important.—*James Fitzsimmons*

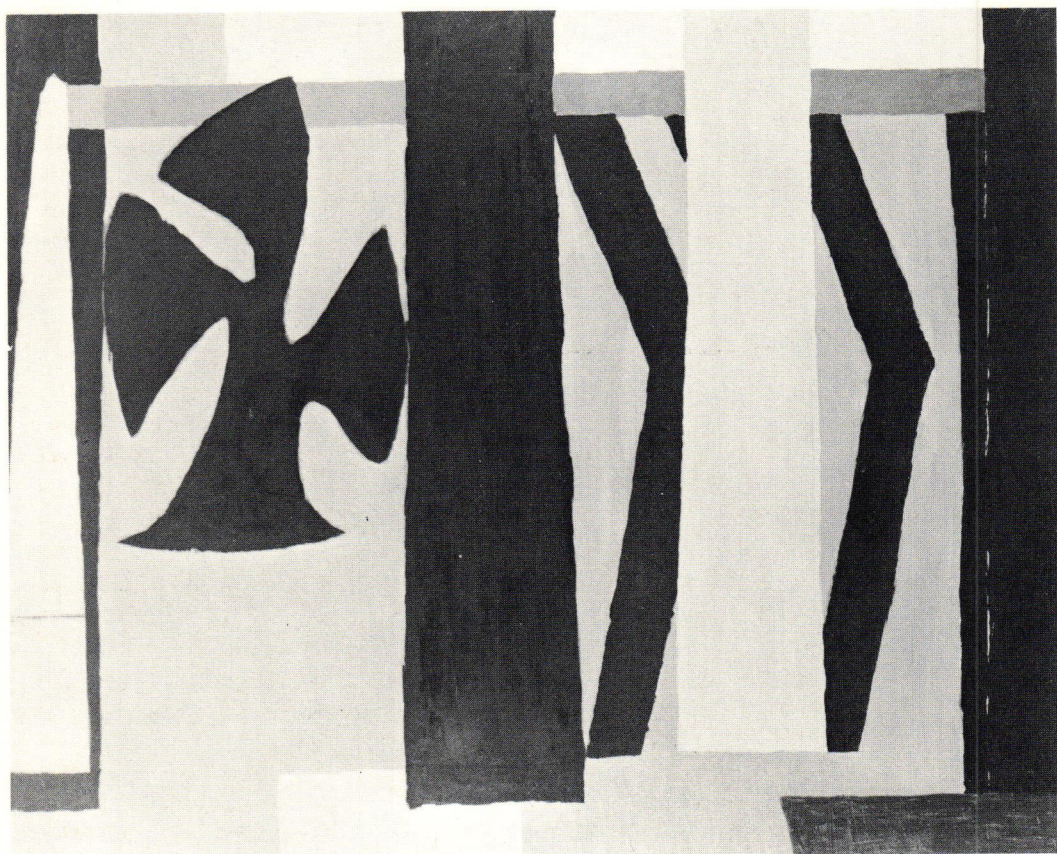


Photo: Kootz Gallery

Ile de France

BOOK REVIEWS

FURNITURE FOR MODERN INTERIORS, by Mario Dal Fabbro. Reinhold Publishing Corporation. \$7.50

This book is a large, well chosen collection of photographs of contemporary furniture and interiors supplemented with measured drawings, that give some construction details and help to give the reader an accurate concept of scale and proportion.

UNDERSTANDING ART, by Ana M. Berry. Studio Publications. \$5 00

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JEWELRY MAKING, by Kenneth Winebrenner. International Textbook Company. \$6.50

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DESIGN, by Sybil Emerson. Laurel Publishers. \$5.95

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The author became interested in socio-psychology as a method of studying housing through a project undertaken at M.I.T. by the Group Dynamics Laboratory. As a result of this interest THE HOUSE is more than a book on domestic architecture. It is a good aid to analysis of family needs for the prospective home builder. Mr. Kennedy approaches his subject with humor but provokes active serious reader participation.

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